

A QUACK IN AFRICA.

We Took Cattle as Pox and Sores Acquired a Thousand Antiseptics.

A German agent in the southwest African possessions of Germany writes to headquarters in Berlin, his confidence man and friends have invented a salve that cures scalded and half-savaged regions. He says that a year ago a white man went wandering through the country carrying on his back a bag filled with medical nostrums. Little attention was paid to him, but it was found later that he knew nothing whatever of medicine, and that his little plasters, wafers and drugs were worth no more than so much fitch. He heralded his coming everywhere, just as the quack doctors do in this country, and the simpleton who had been ill enough to travel far and wear to secure the benefits of his wonderful treatment. He remained only two or three weeks in a place, and then would seek other fields. He took payment in cattle, and from place to place he drove his herd, which cost him nothing for food and kept rapidly increasing in size.

Finally he reappeared on the coast with a herd of about one thousand six hundred cattle out of which he had taken all the native animals that had not been devoured by the contents of the mysterious bag, probably were not worth ten dollars; he found the business a paying one. The natives, after him had swindled them, made up their minds as to his true character, and the German agent writes that it probably would not be safe now for any itinerant dealer in medicine and cures to travel through the country; however honest and competent he might be.

The agent says, however, that there is a fine opening in southwest Africa for a good practitioner who is willing hard work building up a practice in Germany. He names the town where the young man should settle, and says he is confident that a few years' practice among the natives there would enable him to return to Germany with a snug little fortune. The agent will exercise great care to prevent any more quacks and humbugs from getting into the country and giving the natives an unfavorable impression of all white men.—Chicago Times.

AN ADEPT AT RESIGNING.

The Accountant's Novel Method of Taking a Vacation.

Living in a fashionable town within commuting distance of New York is a gentleman who invariably attracts attention by his long hair. Strangers always conclude that he is nothing less than a great lawyer or bank president. When the more curious ask his fellow-townsmen about him they are told the following story:

One day the gentleman, who is one of the best accountants in the metropolis, stepped into the presence of the bank to which he is employed and said he had decided to resign and that the resignation must go into effect immediately.

The president was loth to lose so valuable a man and urged him to reconsider the matter. He talked him into an hour but to no purpose. The employee, whose skill in a mathematician was beyond anything ever met with by the officials of the bank, was bound to leave the institution but absolutely refused to give any reason for his departure.

The accountant left that day and the bank was obliged to get along as best it could without him.

Ten days later the cashier was astonished on entering the bank to find the accountant hard at work at his old desk. The mathematician said good morning, just as he had done every day for years before he resigned, but offered no explanation.

The president and cashier decided to let their strange-acting employee keep at his work and ask no questions.

Three months later the accountant went into the president's office again and tendered his resignation. It was accepted and the man was absent for a week or more. Then he suddenly returned.

The same thing was repeated again and again. Now it is a standing joke in that bank that the accountant has resigned. It is his way of taking a vacation. He never stays away more than two weeks.—N. Y. Commercial.

Important Typewriter Decision.

"Under Lacombe, sitting in the United States Circuit Court here, on the motion of the Remington Typewriter Company, granted an injunction against the agents of the Franklin, restraining the sale of that machine on account of infringement of Remington patents. This decision is an important one as it involves the control of the fundamental patents and may affect other makers of typewriters. The Remington people have heretofore been quite passive, but it is stated on good authority that they are more likely to proceed against all other typewriter manufacturing companies."

"In some cases purchasers of machines which infringe Remington patents may also be proceeded against for infringement. Until these cases are definitely settled this action will deter many people from purchasing typewriters which are colorable imitations of the Remington. To save a few dollars a man does not want to buy a machine with a soft attachment, especially when the other machine is the best."—N. Y. Journalist, June 18, 1892.

FOREIGNERS WE KNOW.

The richest heiress in Berlin is said to be a Princess Hilda of Luxembourg. She is worth \$2,000,000.

MILLIERS do not admit the queen of Portugal. She makes her own bonnets, and graceful ones they are, too.

PRINCE FERNANDO of Bulgaria is an earnest ornithologist, and spends much of his spare time in the pursuit of the science.

The fortune of the late Jules Lebœuf, the great sugar refiner and speculator of Paris, is estimated at \$50,000,000 francs, probably the largest fortune in France.

On the entire amount of money contributed for charity in England last year, an amount that reached the great sum of \$10,000,000, two-thirds, or \$6,000,000, were given by Baron Rothschild.

ARCHBISHOP OF IRELAND was educated in France, and during his recent visit to Paris delivered a two hours' address in French which has been warmly received by the appreciative French people.

FUNNY LINES.

What a merchant gets down to business he is most anxious of getting up in the world.—Baltimore American.

After a woman passes a certain age she would just as soon get married on Friday as on any other day.—Atchison Globe.

SPEECH—"It is wonderful the spell Twyss' typewriter has thrown over him." PRIDE—"For my part, I don't think it is half as astonishing as the spell she puts in his business letters."—Interior Ocean.

UNEXPECTED—Coding—"Gosling we've served quite a compliment from the dental doctor's know." GOSLING—"Aw! what was it? Coding?" Said he was threatened with brain fever, doctor know."—Jester.

CURIOS LAWS OF OPTICS.

The Zebra's Stripes Make It Vanish by Day. Almost every wilder who treats of the colors of animals refers to Galton's observations that in the bright starlight of an African night zebras are practically invisible even at a short distance; but there can be no doubt that these peculiar striped appurments are a great protective value in broad daylight. In a recent zebra hunt near Crook, in which I took part, several members of our party commented on the difficulty of seeing zebras even at moderate distances, although there was nothing to hide them, the black and white stripes blending so completely that the animals assume a dull brown appearance of the locality in which they are found, and in which, for instance, Roan (Pelea capensis) is also well protected on account of its peculiar brownish coat.

A member of our party, who on another occasion gave proof that he is possessed of excellent sight, and who has frequently hunted in similar localities, saw a zebra which was wounded in one of the front legs and was limping along the ground, and strange to say he mistook it for a big baboon. In a letter which I received from him a few days ago he said: "It galloped like a baboon from me, and I could only see that the color was grayish-brown. At about five hundred yards from me it ran on to a little knoll, and mounting the highest rock, drew its body together just as a balloon does when its four feet are all together on the summit of a little rock." His remarks to the grayish-brown color of the animal is the more valuable as I have this information from Mr. Wrentham, G. & T. Agt., Chicago, for the Michigan Central's beautiful bird's-eye map. Summer Tourist Guide, 1892, p. 102. The author of the Laysman's, the Adirondacks, the White mountains, the New England coast, or wherever their chosen resort may be, will find in the Michigan Central's "The Niagara Falls Route."

This man who wrote "All things come to those who wait" never paused at a railroad restaurant for dinner.

To Bob Up Scrappy In the morning feather refreshed, light apparel, sprightly—as if you could sing a stanza or two, for instance your digestion is good. Eat hearty and live long, year nerves vigorous. These elements of the healthy are conferred by Hostetter's Stomach Laxative, which removes dirt and stains to the skin, the liver, bowels and kidneys, and avails malaria and rheumatism.

When a lone traveler comes to a place it doesn't gratify him to "fall in with a friend."—Boston Courier.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a full display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words in it. It is the first time in the history of our newspaper ever occurring each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This is a duty you owe to yourself.

LET TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Send it Back

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